

Night Shift

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Summary: O'Hara gets to know Kevin's sister Tunie a little better. O'Hara/Tunie femslash. I do not own any of the characters. Explicit and graphic and very lesbian content, you've been warned k :)

Night Shift

"Tunie! What are you doing here?"

Kevin's sister Tunie had been crashing at their place for the past few days, fresh from her most recent break up with the Pilot. Jackie saw an ally in her, but she could be overwhelming. The type of overwhelming that shows up at your workplace unannounced and asks you to lunch.

"I was in the neighborhood, you know, felt like seeing manhattan. You busy?"

"Um yes, Tunie, I'm busy. See all these sick people around you?"

"Well I thought I'd see where you work, you know, and we could have lunch and I could meet some of the people you work with..." Her smile turned mischievous. "... You know, cute doctors and stuff."

Jackie sighed.

"Alright, give me 15 minutes. And... Wait for me outside, please." Jackie instructed her as she tried to peek inside the ER. "Outside, Tunie!"

"Alright! I'm going."

Jackie got back into the ER, where O'Hara was signing off charts.

"Was that...?"

"Tunie. Yes."

"Ah, Kevin's drunk teenage sister."

"She's not a teenager you know, not by 15 years. She just acts like one."

"Lunch?" O'Hara closed off the charts.

"Can't. Taking Tunie out."

"I could join you."

"Trust me, you don't want to. It'll just be an hour of 'he's such an asshole' and 'where did I go wrong'"

"Sounds lovely. Well alright, I guess I'll just have to come to Queens tonight and empty Kevin's Jameson bottle, since that seems the only way I can spend some time with you."

"I would love that."

Walking out of All Saints, Jackie finds Tunie speaking enthusiastically with Coop.

You know, I admire doctors so much. I mean, you heal people! That's like, amazing."

We just do what we can, it's..." Coop turns serious "our calling. I like to think of it as..."

Jackie rolls her eyes and shivers at the possibility of those two being together.

"Tunie, let's go."

"Sorry... Coop, is it? Sorry, going to lunch! Would love to hear more though" Tunie manages to say, while being dragged by Jackie out the street as fast as Jackie could manage.

Between cigarette puffs and vegetable samosas, Jackie was beginning to tune out Tunie's repetitive rambling.

- I mean, I just need someone responsible and just, reliable, you know? I mean, Tom was... A pilot. And that's a nice enough job, but come on. He was never here. And I could bet my life he had a girl everywhere he went. I don't need that.

- yeah, that's tough..

- yeah! And... I don't know. I don't know what I want. I know what I think I need but sometimes, you know... You know when you think you got it figured it out, and you know exactly what you need to do, but then there's just this thing pulling you to the other direction?

- yes, I know exactly how that feels, actually.

- yeah! I've felt this all my life. Like there's just something... missing.

- Tunie, you're a big girl. You should know by now, that feeling will never go away. There's nothing you can aspire to that will make it go away, nothing that will ever make you happy or complete all the time.

- I know. I know that! I just wish I could make what I want and what I need meet halfway you know? It's like there's the world and I don't understand how it works and there's all these things inside me that tell

Tunie's face turned half sad and Jackie was unexpectedly moved at how much she looked like Kevin. It was so easy to categorize her as the passionate type and go with it. But now it was like she was seeing this side of Tunie, seeing her as a person who was misguided, yes, but ultimately misguided by her desire to see and experience beauty.

- I'll tell you what. Wait til the end of my shift, which will be in four hours, and we'll go back home together. We can stop somewhere and get cake. And actually I think O'Hara will be joining us and we can just go in her car. And we'll all have drinks tonight at the red owl.

- thanks, Jackie, that sounds great. I've always liked you so much, you know? I always stood up for you when mom and dad talked shit about you when you and Kev started dating.

- ok, you sound like you're drunk already.

- I am, a little. So, Coop, huh?

- oh god. Don't go there.

- he's not really my type. I like... The quiet, confident type, you know? The type of guy who will give you that one look and you just freeze, and at the same time everything on your body starts throbbing. Although I don't think I actually ever felt that, I mean, not really. It's more of a fantasy, really. We should go.

- yeah, we should.

O'Hara was very well aware of the effect she had on women. Around her, straight women turned bi-curious. She learned to have fun with that, like with Zoey. But it was never more than that: harmless flirting. Tunie wasn't even her type: she liked the emotionally independent, the type of women who liked her company for what it was, not because they felt the need to be adored, at all times and by anyone. That's how Tunie struck her as: someone who fell fast and furiously in and out of love. Ever since Sarah, she had been doing what she did every time a woman broke her heart: sleeping with a string of men half her age with whom she knew she would never fall in love. But for the past few weeks, she started feeling that urge again, she had been paying more attention to women again. And she'd be damned if Tunie's ass didn't look delicious in those skinny jeans.

She knew she shouldn't. This woman was her sister in law's best

friend, and anyway Tunie liked guys! Maybe she was just lonely, lonely and drunk. Very drunk. But in the quietness of the house in the middle of night, after all the drinks in the Red Owl - even though O'Hara was upstairs in the bedroom, it was like Tunie could feel her presence, like the air was thicker and there was this feeling that something was about to happen, something that could be so good. Tunie got up, she couldn't sleep anyway, and she turned on a lamp, she needed some water. Badly.

"Hey."

"Shit, you scared me!"

O'Hara was standing on the stairs, wearing Jackie's old t-shirt and shorts. Even in those clothes and with a messy hair, there was something almost aristocratic about her. Maybe because she was British. And there it goes, Tunie thought, like she was already getting used to the response her body gave to O'Hara's presence.

"I'm dying of thirst, just came down to get some water."

"Yeah" Tunie got up "I was about to do that. Can't sleep."

Tunie started walking toward the kitchen, feeling O'Hara behind her, heart racing because she could almost feel O'Hara's gaze on her. And O'Hara's gaze was on her, alright: going up Tunie's naked legs all the way to Tunie's neck, visible under a messy ponytail, and down again. O'Hara leaned her back against the kitchen cabinet while Tunie got two glasses and turned on the tap to fill them.

"His loss."

"Excuse me?"

"Tom. The pilot? Jackie told me. I can't for the life of me imagine he could have anyone hotter than you."

Tunie was speechless. There was a tension in the air she felt many times before, but it was different this time, stronger, and she was more nervous than she could ever remember. She turned around and silently offered O'Hara one of the glasses. O'Hara walked toward her slowly, without breaking eye contact. She sure knew how to seduce them. As she reached for the glass, her fingers slowly but surely caressed Tunie's. Suddenly shy, Tunie looked down and looked for words, any word, to break that spell. She wanted her so badly, it was clear now: she could feel it in her stomach and in between her legs. She just wished O'Hara would push her against the sink, spread her legs and take her out of her misery, but O'Hara wasn't about to do that. She would take her time, and it was killing Tunie.

Now sitting on the couch, still silent, Tunie would look around at any part of the living room - except at O'Hara, who sat on the floor, casually, but sexy as hell. They drank their waters and breathed the heavy air. Tune could smell O'Hara, a mixture of expensive perfume, whisky and longing. It was a small gesture, but she hoped O'Hara would notice: she uncrossed her legs and let the underwear under her long shirt be seen. It had the effect she expected on O'Hara, who could feel the wetness between her legs even more prominently now. But this was her game. Suddenly getting up, she faked a yawn.

"I should go. It's late, I have an early shift tomorrow."

Tunie had to restrain herself so not to shout "No!".

"Yes, it is definitely late."

O'Hara took her time looking at Tunie with a mischievous grin. Tunie still wouldn't look directly at her, but the urgency of that situation was getting to her. Tunie got up just as O'Hara was turning around to the stairs.

"Eleanor."

O'Hara turned around and tried to look surprised, and Tunie finally faced her. But she hadn't prepared for that moment, and O'Hara knew. And the urgency of both their bodies to be touched by one another was finally getting to her, too.

"Let's go upstairs. I won't be able to sleep thinking about you all alone in that shirt down here."

Tunie was relieved, nervous and turned on by that confident statement. She walked toward O'Hara - Eleanor -, and held her hand, letting her lead the way upstairs.

The way up was long and exciting, with both of them anticipating the kiss that would now obviously happen. In a few seconds, Tunie was able to dream up a thousand ways for that kiss to happen. When they got to the bedroom, however, O'Hara still hadn't kissed her, and she didn't know what to do, so she just sat on the bed. O'Hara closed the door. She looked at Tunie and smiled. She walked to the bed, stood right in front of Tunie. This was too much for Tunie, her legs, her smell, her confidence. Suddenly filled with courage, she placed her hands on the sides of Eleanor's thighs, lightly running them up and down. O'Hara moaned, throwing her head back.

"God, how I've anticipated this."

This was the green signal for Tunie, who, new found confidence in her, got up and stared O'Hara in the eyes. O'Hara placed her hand on the back of Tunie's head and brought her lips on her. Tunie let out a sigh under that sweet, hot kiss, because it felt exactly like she knew it would, which was like something she never had before. And O'Hara was taking her time. Their tongues touching, lips pressing against one another, taking deep, uncertain breaths as to inhale one another. Their tastes so new and at the same time familiar to one another, like that song you hear for the first time but realize it's what you always wanted to listen to. They finally broke apart, and Tunie felt like she wanted to laugh, like this was so funny, but she didn't laugh at all because O'Hara was looking at her with that type of wanting that is above any other type of feeling, and that was so serious, and Tunie realized that in one second and didn't want to laugh anymore, because all she could feel now was something so strong between her legs that she felt if O'Hara didn't take her at that moment, she would die, and that was serious, too. Her legs felt weak now, so she sat down again, but pulled Eleanor down with her. She wanted Eleanor on top of her, under her, all over her, inside her, in her mouth, she wanted to freeze that room in time and all she could think of was "Eleanor, Eleanor, Eleanor", like that was the only word

that ever existed, name, noun, verb. She took off her shirt, then Eleanor's shirt, who was a bit surprised at Tunie's sudden assertiveness.

Under her breath, while Tunie put one of her nipples in her mouth and caressed the other with her fingers, Eleanor couldn't help but be truthful, now that her desire was so strong and what she had fantasized throughout the whole day was finally happening.

"I've wanted you since I laid my eyes on you.. I'm going to fuck you blind and leave you helplessâ€| God, you are fucking hot."

Tunie went for Eleanor's mouth again, their skins rubbing, sweating. Eleanor spread her legs and let Tunie fall between them, thrusting her hips against Tunie's in circles. With one hand, she rolled down Tunie's panties, while the other grabbed a chunk of her hair, now free of the ponytail, and pulled Tunie's head back, so she could look at her beautiful face. Those two moves, so bold and precise, left Tunie weak. She fell on her back, on Eleanor's side, now completely naked. She could feel herself dripping wet. Her fingers shyly went for Eleanor's shorts, who helped her get rid of them. They both laid there for a few seconds, looking at each others' bodies, contemplating what they would do to each other for a while. Tunie broke the silence.

"Youâ€| you are so beautiful. So fucking sexy."

Those words pulled Eleanor out of the trance. She laid on her side and ran her fingers on Tunie's breasts, her stomach, lightly, up and down. Tunie closed her eyes and tried to remember the last time she felt those shivers. She couldn't. Eleanor was now on top of Tunie, kissing her mouth, her neck, her breasts, her hand applying pressure on Tunie's wet pussy, but without any movement. Tunie moaned.

"Please. Please fuck me".

The tips of Eleanor's fingers gently reached for Tunie's wet entrance, while her palm was still pressuring on her clit. Eleanor ran the tips of her fingers from the wetness up, opening up Tunie's pussy and getting it all wet. It was fucking delicious and Eleanor had to taste her. She made her way down, making sure to kiss every inch of Tunie's body. She first kissed her pussy gently, then her tongue made the same way her fingers had made just moments before, from her entrance to her clit. Again and again. When it was all wet and tasty, she held Tunie's clit with her mouth, dragging a little scream out of the girl. She just held her clit in her mouth, no movement. Tunie then started to move her hips up and down, then in circles. Eleanor then started using her tongue as well, still sucking on her clit, but now like it was some sweet, delicious candy that you had to suck on to get to the gum in the middle. It didn't take long for Tunie to come. She did it silently and with no warning, but her whole body trembled, froze and then relaxed. Eleanor took her time between the girl's legs, breathing a heavy, fiery breath on her pussy, until Tunie pulled her up and kissed her a deep, wet kiss. They were sweating, it was late, they were tired and drunk, but this was the night and no one knew anything after that. They just knew they were going to fuck all night long, because that was the only thing that mattered, the only thing in the whole world, among the night workers, the wars, the homeless and the drunks, the bored

spouses, the runaway teens, the sun rising in other parts of the world, that was the only thing happening that really mattered, the only thing that will ever matter. So Tunie got on top of Eleanor and spread her legs apart. She kneeled before her and took a moment looking at the other woman's body, lightly sun tanned, hard nipples, her chest moving according to her heavy, quick breath filled with desire and anticipation. Her stomach, her pussy, her legs, her arms, her legs, her smile that could be of pain or of pleasure, or both, her begging eyes, her pussy, her legs. Tunie ran her hands on the inside of both Eleanor's thighs, up and down from knees to pussy, as her mouth got closer and closer. She touched the tip of her tongue like it was something she was trying for the first time, which was exactly what it was. She was surprised at the other woman's taste, because it was sweeter than she had imagined. She drew circles around Eleanor's clit using the tip of her tongue, and then tried to mimic what had been done to her just moments before, sucking on her clit. Eleanor held Tunie's head and guided the movements in a choreography with her hips. Then she pulled Tunie's head away and demanded.

"Fuck me, Tunie. Fuck me hard".

Tunie got two, then three fingers inside of Eleanor, who arched her back and moaned. Tunie complied, she was rough and fast, going in and out of Eleanor. There was a part inside of Eleanor that she recognized from herself, a velvety part, and when Eleanor's moans got more and more messy and primal, she applied pressure on that part with the tips of her fingers. Eleanor, unlike her, warned what was coming - that is, she was. Tunie just knew what to do. She was fucking a woman, and that woman was coming, and she felt like that was almost as good as if she was coming herself. Her face, her vulnerability, her body all hers, moving and turning according to her hands. She barely waited for Eleanor to ride out the orgasm.

"I want to try something."

"Anything" Eleanor was under orgasm spell, still. "You can do anything to me."

Tunie turned Eleanor on her stomach. She didn't quite know what she was doing but she wanted the other woman in every possible way, every possible and impossible position. Eleanor, for her part, got so turned on by this move that she was ready to go again. Tunie was slow. She was improvising, but as soon as she saw Eleanor's back, her ass pointing up, so ready and expectant, she climbed on top of the other woman, kissing her neck, embracing her stomach and then running her hands to the sides of Eleanor's hips, pushing her pussy against Eleanor's ass. It was like they had rehearsed it for months, the combined movement of their hips, Tunie's pussy touching Eleanor's ass repeatedly, getting it all slick and wet. She cupped both Eleanor's breasts in her hands, pressing her nipples hard between her fingers, which made the woman moan loudly.

"Pull my hair", Eleanor demanded and Tunie obliged, taking a chunk of the woman's brown hair in her fist and pulling her head back, towards her, then biting her neck as she rubbed herself harder and harder against her. Tunie was almost coming, but before she did, Eleanor suddenly turned on her back and faced her, grabbed the girl's thighs and adjusted herself, one leg behind Tunie's back, the other under her, their pussies and incredibly wet clits touching. They continued with their hips together in circles, each time a wave of pleasure

taking over them. That view was what Tunie needed to come, Eleanor's breasts bouncing, her mouth half open and her eyes closed, her fingers clutched hard on the sheets, the sexy movement of her hips. This time, she tried to give her a warning.

"Eleanor, I'm... I'm..."

"Come for me, baby, I wanna see you come"

Tunie couldn't hold back a loud moan this time, even though she knew everyone else in the house was sleeping. She fell on her back, upside down on the bed. The room smelled of sex and sweat, but it had a sweet note to it, which she wasn't used to. She rubbed her leg against Eleanor, who was also on her back, but head on the other direction. They were both so wet all over, with sweat and juices. Tunie sat on the bed and looked at Eleanor, who smiled back at her, lovingly.

"I don't want this night to end."

Eleanor didn't respond, but got up and put back her shirt on, which upset Tunie a little bit. She got out of the room without saying a word, but quickly returned with two glasses of water and her bag.

"If you don't want this night to end, we better stay hydrated".

Tunie sat up straight and took one of the glasses from Eleanor's hand, taking a big sip. O'Hara drank all her water in one gulp, then kneeled on the floor, looking for something in her giant bag. Tunie observed her with anticipation, when an idea came into her mind. She kneeled next to Eleanor and gently ran her hands on the woman's body, and Eleanor laughed as Tunie took off her shirt again, turning to her and kissing her passionately. They were both on their knees, embracing and kissing, mouths, necks, breasts.

"I am going to dance for you", Tunie grinned mischievously. She got up reached for Eleanor's hand, helping her up as well, and guiding her to the bed, where Eleanor sat. Tunie stood up in front of Eleanor, suddenly shy by the situation she had just put herself in. But looking into Eleanor's eyes, her leaning on her hands on the bed, so filled with desire for her, filled Tunie with courage.

"You choose a song". Tunie reached for Eleanor's bag and handed it to her. Eleanor got her cell phone from inside it, and quickly chose a song which she played in a low volume. It was a type of blues that Tunie didn't recognize, but seemed perfect for the occasion. As Eleanor threw her bag back on the floor and adjusted herself as Tunie's audience on the bed, Tunie started to move her hips slowly, walking toward Eleanor, smiling of shyness, naughtiness and lust. She bended her knees slowly, going down and back up, then turning around and bending over, her ass close to Eleanor, who had to gather all of her restraint so not to grab her and fuck her mercilessly right then. Tunie turned back around to face Eleanor, who bit her lips and sighed. They both laughed at the situation, but Tunie was pretty much out of moves now, so she gently sat on Eleanor's lap and stared into her eyes, and they both felt pangs of pure lust inside them, which turned them serious. Tunie had one leg on each side of Eleanor now, and her pussy softly touched Eleanor's stomach repeatedly, her lips

and clit making a string of wetness on the woman's body. Eleanor couldn't take it anymore, so she grabbed both Tunie's thighs and brought her even closer. Her hands ran up her thighs to her ass, squeezing it. Eleanor fell back on her back, Tunie straddling her, their pussies throbbing. Eleanor contemplated Tunie's naked body, her hands now on her breasts. She sat back up and put one of them in her mouth, sucking on it, then the other, getting them all wet. They kissed again, and Eleanor whispered:

"I have something in my bag. I have to admit to bringing it with me thinking about this scenario".

"Get it" Tunie could imagine what it was.

As Eleanor got up and reached for her bag, Tunie got so hot she turned around and bended over the edge of the bed. When Eleanor finished putting the white-creamy dildo with a harness on herself and splashing it with lube, she found Tunie with her back to her, ass up, arms spread on the bed, head buried in it. She didn't think anything else in the world could be hotter than this. She took the steps that kept them apart and caressed Tunie's ass, the side of her hips, with the tips of her fingernails. She then took the dildo in her hand and lightly touched Tunie with it, its tip tracing Tunie's ass down, then up, making sure to get her pussy on the way back. She did this repeatedly, each time a little harder, until Tunie had to beg.

"Go inside. Please".

Eleanor immediately complied, slowly inserting it into Tunie's warm and wet pussy, which freed her hands to grab Tunie's hips and bring her closer to herself, getting the dildo all the way inside Tunie, who moaned and once again buried her head on the bed, clutching her fists on the sheets. She started out slow, keeping the dildo all the way inside and just moving their hips together back and forth, which made the dildo move inside Tunie, pressing on her G spot every time Eleanor pushed her hips forward. This went on for a while until Tunie was bursting with desire and took control of the situation by dictating their hips' movements: she was now on her elbows, pushing and pulling her ass to and away from the other woman's hips, making the dildo go in and out roughly. She turned her head to be able to take a look at Eleanor's face, who was the face of someone on the edge of exploding with lust. Tunie smiled a naughty smile and asked:

"Slap me."

Eleanor let out a loud moan with this request and obliged, getting her full palm on Tunie's ass.

"Harder"

Eleanor did it just right this time, one two three, then grabbing Tunie's ass and digging her nails on it. Tunie moaned loudly and repeatedly and their movements became even more frantic. Eleanor slipped her hand and let one finger inside Tunie's ass, and it wasn't long before the girl was screaming with pleasure, being careful to bury the screams on the bed as not to wake anyone up. With her free hand, Eleanor went for Tunie's clit, pressing her fingers against it and making little waves with them, then pulling the skins of Tunie's pussy up gently every time the dildo went in, which made Tunie

finally come.

Even though she was weak, it was only seconds of rest before Tunie turned around and kneeled before Eleanor, because she couldn't wait to pay her back for what she had just experienced. She clumsily and rapidly got Eleanor out of the harness, and she could see the woman was actually dripping wet, so she went straight with her mouth to Eleanor's pussy, licking it, drinking it, sucking it, kissing it, eating it. Eleanor bended her knees open just enough to get Tunie's mouth completely up her pussy, and caressed the girl's hair. Tunie bended her neck more, and got her tongue inside Eleanor. This made the woman weak.

"I have to lie down"

Tunie got up and threw herself on the bed with enthusiasm. Eleanor got on top of her and Tunie grabbed her thighs and brought them up to her head.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Do it."

Eleanor sat slowly on Tunie's head and felt the girl's tongue go inside her once more, throwing her head back and closing her eyes, moaning with the feeling of the tongue's texture going in and out of her. But she was worried she might hurt the girl's jaw, so after a while she dismounted the girl and laid beside her.

"I want you to come again" Tunie said. "Show me how".

Eleanor smiled, it was the first time Tunie saw shyness on her, so she grabbed the woman's hand and led it to her pussy.

"Touch yourself. Show me how you do it. I wanna see you come".

Eleanor turned serious and looked Tunie in the eyes while caressing her own pussy. Tunie watched her as she rubbed her own clit and, filled with lust, gave Eleanor a deep kiss, then getting her arm under the woman's head and laying on her side, her whole body touching Eleanor's whole body. Eleanor was now focused and with her eyes closed, her fingers had gone from her clit to inside of her own pussy, in and out. Tunie got one of her nipples in her mouth, sucking hard on it, while pressing the other with her fingers. Her other hand went to the back of Eleanor's head, grabbing and pulling her hair in the way she now knew Eleanor liked. She stayed like that until she could hear Eleanor's moans and breathing getting heavier and heavier. Even with her eyes closed and without warning, she knew the moment Eleanor came. Tunie gave it a few seconds with Eleanor's nipple still in her mouth and then let go to be able to look at her face. Eleanor still had her eyes closed and hand on her pussy, which Tunie grabbed and licked and sucked clean, finger by finger, tasting her delicious come. They laid side by side silently for a while.

"This was fucking amazing"

"Yes, it was." Eleanor smiled. "You know, I live in a hotel... If we fucked like this on a single bed in a kids room, imagine what we could do on a king size bed with champagne".

"I have to run some errands in Manhattan... tomorrow."

"I'll be waiting."

End
file.